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LOGOI:

PROPHETIC MYSTERIES.

BY THE LITTLE PROPHET.

INTRODUCTORY:

MR. EDITOR S. P.:—I send you a natural curiosity which you can use as best suits you. Who or what the author is, I am not able to say, but I should infer from the contents of his lucubration, that he is a near relative of the gentleman, who, if Harper's Easy Chair is to be credited, predicted the down-fall and rebuilding of our temple of the Constitution in forty-two months. The manuscript was picked up on a lonely road and was diligently advertised, but no owner claimed it. Possibly the Little Prophet has long ago taken flight "for fresh fields and pastures new."

I must claim a certain share of credit in this performance, for whatever legibility and arrangement it has is due to my labors. When the manuscript came into my hands, it was a mere mass of papers, headless, pageless, tailless, and, in the words of Tony Lumpkins, "a damned cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life."

But I am not responsible for any of the subject-matter of the Logoi, much of which—I may remark in passing—is quite beyond my comprehension.

Yours truly,

MARK TAPLEY.

I.

THE LITTLE PROPHET IS CALLED

1. Tip, tap, toe! One, two, three! That, and therein is everything, says the Little Prophet.
2. Break and make; give and take; these are Rules, says the Little Prophet.
3. Blake and wake, shake and ache; these are Comments, says the Little Prophet.
4. And the Little Prophet knows.
5. For it is all antagonism. So only the spark is struck forth. But the blow hurts, be the spark never so bright.
6. The Little Prophet was not called. It entered into him, without obsession.
7. After that, he saw; and when he saw, he knew; and when he knew, lo! there was the blow and the spark.

8. So the Little Prophet is as a window, and Another is looking out of him.

9. And the Little Prophet is as a Trumpet, and Another bloweth through him.

10. But, is the Eye that speaketh, true?

11. And is the Voice that seeth, true?

12. Verily, they are true!

13. True as the woman to her follies; true as the man to his party; true as the shadow to the substance.

14. As will be seen.

II.

COSMOGONY.

1. Heos, Aushass, Tlavispantecutli!
2. These three are one, and the fathers.
3. These three are also the mothers.
4. For the oyster grows into the man.
5. And the man eateth the oyster; aye, he peppereth him, and salteth him, and moisteneth him with a moisture of lemon, and eateth him, and sayeth it is good.
6. And truly, evil dwelleth not within the shells of an oyster, neither is his heart hardened, nor his beard brought to shame.
7. Now at Ostend there be oysters, yea, verily, a great plantation thereof.
8. Wherefrom sprang the Little Prophet.
9. That is to say, the husk of him, into which It entered.
10. And the shell of him, of which It took possession.
11. It was not a Hard shell, neither, in those days.
12. Nay, truly, but soft as mush.
13. So that, when It entered, the weight of It bent his legs, so that they became bowed, and have remained so.
14. And the brightness of It within him, lo! It dazzled his eyes, so that they became cocked, and have remained so.
15. And he dresseth in black, rusty; and weareth large spectacles; and is ugly; and hath no hankering for women.
16. For It is within him, and It would have him to be thus.
17. But his mouth is large, and the words It prompts flow freely from it.
18. And he looketh after him, backwards to the oyster-beds of Ostend; and before him, forward to the destinies of peoples.
19. And this is the Little Prophet.

III.

THE SPIRIT'S AWAKENING.

1. Now the Spirit, which is Agnar, which is Agni, which is Ooromees, which is Tlaloc, which is Messou, which is Aelion, which is the Spirit of the Times, (but not the old Spirit, nor Porter's Spirit, yet that genteel Spirit which was made acquainted with the Queen that rules over the Fenians with a rod of sugar candy dipt in gall.)

2. This Spirit of the Times awakened from his long brooding over the nest eggs in Chaos, and looked upon the world, and saw that it was bad, yea, full of abominable things, of all abominations, save the abomination of desolations, which had been turned out to grass.

3. So the Spirit was sorry, and shed tears in a meteoric shower.

4. And the Spirit was angry, and formed great earthquakes.

5. But a bright thought struck the Spirit, and his smile was the smile of the Aurora.

6. Now the thought of the Spirit was thus:

7. I will create me a GENIUS, and he shall go down unto the people of the world, and put them to blush for the error of Their ways, and teach them rectitude, and rule over them.

8. So that per adventure they may not rotten before They be ripe.

9. So the Spirit cast about him for the creating of a Genius.

10. And the Spirit took common clay, even the clay whereof pipes be made;

11. And moistened, and kneaded it, and fashioned it into the shape of an oyster having two shells, an upper shell and an under shell;

12. And did put it into an oven, tight sealed and ready for baking.

13. And the Spirit did procure certain and sundry books and papers; yea, the books of Tup, the poet, and the books of Miss Bigamy; and a file of the papers of Horatius Coceles the fisherman, and of Bon Bob, the tamer of flying steeds, in whose stud an urbane cob is the most indefatigable pacer on record.

14. And behold, when the Spirit had placed these beneath the oven, and had fired them, and they had burned down to ashes, there was a knocking heard within the oven.

15. And the Spirit opened the lid of the oven, and, behold, a Genius stepped forth, with sandal and shoon, purse and scrip, equipt for a journey.

16. And the Spirit called the name of the Genius, Esmun, which signifies, in that language, the Accepted.

17. And the Spirit said to the Genius, O Esman! Thine is the world, to reform, and to purge; go, therefore, answer thy charge, do thy work, and do not tarry.
18. And the Genius went.

IV.

HOW IT VARED WITH THE GENIUS.

1. Now it happened, after a time, that, as the Spirit had begun again to brood over the nest-eggs of Ubaos, the Genius returned again from overseeing the world, and appeared in presence of the Spirit which is the Spirit of the Times.

2. And the Genius, which was named Esman, the Accepted, had the look, rather, of being the Rejected.

3. For his shoon were worn, his garments torn, and the pen-feathers plucked from his wings.

4. (Now about this time, the "pens of genius" multiplied among the world's people; for it was the era of the sweet six Knights of the Round Table.)

5. In shirt, the Genius appeared a bedraggled and chap-fallen Genius, who had fallen upon evil days.

6. So the Spirit was angry at beholding Esman, and called him recreant, and would have reprov'd him.

7. But the Genius excused himself, and held up his hands and said:

8. Lo, Spirit of the Times, which is Aguar, which is Agni, which is Ooromeea, which is Tialoe, which is Meason, which is Aclion, I heard thy mandate and obeyed it.

9. I went to the world's people; and said, behold, I am thine oyster, full of the milk of human kindness.

10. Come to me, and learn; seek me, and be enriched.

11. So they came, greedy for riches.

12. Whereupon I spoke to them the words of wisdom.

13. But they mocked me with curses and revilings.

14. And one said: We thought thou wouldst have made our lands to flow with the oil which floweth in Petra.

15. And another said: Thou art not so fluent as the leaves of the Beech tree that groweth upon the rock of Plymouth.

16. And yet another bade me go to; for I was not inoculated, neither did I know the philosophy of the double-breasted.

17. So they cast me out, cursing; and evil treated me, and plucked me, and tore my garments.

18. And when I would have returned to them again, for their good, there met me one Ben, whose surname is Nett, a Herald, and who is all powerful in the world;

19. (Save that certain people, play-actors there, did seem to have him on the hip, so that they held him uneasy, and he cursed them with foul curses, but could not be free of them nor of their gossamer-tyes.)

20. And this Ben, whose surname is Nett, the Herald, an old man, and a grasping, did offer to proclaim my popularity and establish

it, if I would give him money, and how does he want my money?

21. And when I refused, he nudged me, and told me of me, and vowed a vow to destroy me and my work.

22. And he summoned up certain spirits, very powerful in the world, and constrained them to assault me.

23. The Afrite, Cash, a monstrous evil demon, whose back was green, and whose nether extremities were bottomless.

24. The Afrite Shoddash, which did sweep and dash, and sweep and dash, and wore diamonds.

25. The Afrite Demogosh, which did howl in the public places.

26. And the Afrite Boesh, which did measure righteousness with a yard-stick, and seek for sanctity in the bosom of his brother, Cash.

27. Now these Afrites did pursue me with a hideous outcry:

28. For the Afrite Cash said that I was a Bear at the Stock-board;

29. And the Afrite Shoddash did accuse me of seducing the women from decent apparel and preventing the streets from being cleansed, thereby fostering pestilence;

30. And the Afrite Demogosh did accuse me of having a head of copper and a body of the nut which is called butter; and also said that I hated Finn, being a Saxon.

31. And the Afrite Boesh did rail out upon me from the pulpit, and call me heretic, and denounce me as a believer in Hull.

32. Thereupon, the people, with great tumult, rose upon me, and would have stoned me.

33. So I fled for my life, and came hither.

V.

THE LITTLE PROPHECY IS POSSESSED.

1. Now the Spirit, which is the Spirit of the Times, hearing these things, was wroth with the Genius which is named Esman;

2. And said unto him, Oh thou of bad credit with the world!

3. Behold, I will punish thee, for to have no credit with the world is a grievous sin.

4. By Ostend is an oyster, which hath by selection and variation of species grown into a man;

5. A man whose legs are bowed;

6. A man whose eyes are cocked;

7. A man whose dress is black, rusty; who weareth large spectacles; who is ugly; who hath no hankering for women.

8. But his mouth is large; enter thou into him, therefore, and possess him, and speak out of him, for a punishment.

9. And it shall come to pass that through him, thou shalt build up the world;

10. And he and thou shalt together be called the Little Prophet;

11. And as the Spirit bade, it was done.

VI.

CHARACTERISTICS.

1. Alad, Arad, Elmodad!

2. Up, up, too! That and therein is every thing, says the Little Prophet.

3. And the Little Prophet knows.

4. For thine is greater than pens, and politics are below zero.

5. And the moon draws the tides, and Max wields his beton.

6. Hats off in front! and three times three and a tiger!

7. Howl ye wolves of the world; and dance on the carpets of Shoddy.

8. Down with the black flag! West, and ride ye races with Dexter, for of VI JOY.

9. For foul is fair, and tithes are fast, and Congress is dealing with a...

10. So the Little Prophet prophesies, and the nations hearken when he clears his throat.

11. For everything is known to him; yea, he is master of the secrets.

12. He has tried the women for murder; and keeps the record of divorce-cases.

13. Harken to him, therefore.

VII.

THE LITTLE PROPHECY ANSWERS THE CALL.

1. In the day and month aforesaid, of the year before mentioned, and at the hour of midnight, did the Genius which is called Esman enter into, and possess, and become a part of, and a common denominator in the Little Prophet.

2. And at the same hour of midnight did the Little Prophet know himself, and rose up, and put on his clothes, and walk forth, even in the darkness.

3. For the Spirit of Prophecy is also the Spirit of Unrest.

4. And the Spirit of Unrest is favorable to the bootmakers.

5. So the Little Prophet walked forth from Ostend, and looked abroad upon the peoples of Europe.

6. And behold, they snored.

7. Save certain bankers in Hamburg, still busy adding up Their profits upon the bonds which are parturient of gold, five, twenty, ten, forty fold.

8. And behold, while the people slept and even as they snored, the Little Prophet beheld two great pestilences stalking down upon them; even a murrain to smite their flocks and herds, and a leprosy to seize upon and consume their bodies.

9. Therefore the Little Prophet was sorry, and shouted with a loud voice to arouse the peoples.

10. But the peoples only turned uneasily in their beds and snored the louder, and would not be awakened, while the pestilences swept rapidly on their course.

11. But, some who were awake and watched, made signs unto him that he would not awaken the people.

12. And when he continued to shout, they rose upon him, and would have taken him, but he fled hastily, and came to an island which is in the sea, a green island.

... ..

VIII.
WHAT BEFEL THE LITTLE PROPHET ON THE GREEN ISLAND.

1. Now it came to pass when the Little Prophet reached the Green Isle, he found the people there awake, and ready to receive him.
2. And they met him with uncouth shouts and waving of green branches; they welcomed him with merry songs, and strange claspings of the hand.
3. They offered up sacrifice to him, even human sacrifice, men in red coats.
4. And they saluted him, and shouted: Great is Finn! Great is Flon Ben Coolah, the Sassenach's foeman.
5. So the Little Prophet said to them, in his wonder: who is Finn? and who is Flon Ben Coolah?
6. And they said: Fair, and yer honor knows he is flit that same!
7. And he answered them in their own dialect and said: Divil a bit of it!
8. So they waved their shillelaggs over his head, and questioned him, and said: who are ye, thin, to be sure, now?
9. So he replied, I am the Little Prophet, and I come from Ostend.
10. And there was a great commotion among them, and they said: He comes from Ostend! Behold! He is sint by the Imparoar!
11. And while they were making much of the Little Prophet, and shouting around him, behold, certain red coats, kinsmen of those who had been sacrificed, came up suddenly with a great shouting.
12. Whereupon the Green Isle's people did lose heart, and fled before them.
13. But the red coats came, and took the Little Prophet, and chained him with iron chains, and bore him away across the seas, to another island, and cast him into a dungeon.

IX.

HOW THE LITTLE PROPHET FARED IN THE OTHER ISLAND.

1. Now when the red coats of the other island heard that the Little Prophet had come from Ostend, they said: Peradventure he cometh from our hally, the Hempteur.
2. So they released him, and made a great banquet in his honor, a banquet of four-footed unclean beasts, with greater shells than those that cover the oysters of Ostend.
3. And when the Little Prophet went abroad in that island of the Redcoats, he found the people awake, and perplexed with a grievous uneasiness.
4. And a great cry went throughout all that land and the provinces and tributaries thereof, saying: Pam, great Pam is dead! Great Pam, our unsampled ruler is dead, and there is no one to succeed him!
5. And the tribes of the land, the Joanites, and the Topasites, and the Mofussleites, and the Millerites, quarrelled among themselves and could not settle who should succeed the great Pam who was dead.
6. Moreover, they were afraid of the builders of ships, over against them.

7. And the redcoats of that island were greatly dismayed.
8. And over the sea was a nation of kings of the earth, who lived to the westward, and did brandish their spears in a threatening manner.
9. Whereat the redcoats of that island were greatly dismayed.
10. And loudly called upon the tribe of the Mofussleites to save them.
11. So the Little Prophet preached and prophesied in the market-places.
12. But when the redcoats found that he did not come in ships to buy purple and fine linen, and ornaments of gold and silver, and merchandise, they passed by on the other side, and took no heed to his speech.
13. So the Little Prophet was wroth with the people of that land, and shook the dust of it from his shoes.
14. And hearing much speech of the land of the Kings of the Earth westwardly over the sea, he took ship for that land.

X.

WHAT BEFEL ON THE VOYAGE.

1. Now the ship in which the Little Prophet set sail for the land of the Kings of the Earth to the westward took an eastwardly course.
2. And the pilot of the ship told the Little Prophet, that the best way to go thither was by the way of the land of the Chin-chins.
3. And the Little Prophet knew it, since he knew all things.
4. But the pilot did not know it, but was practicing deceit.
5. And it came to pass that, after sailing many weeks, they fell in with a strange ship.
6. A ship all overgrown with barnacles, and shells of the sea, and dragging in her train an ocean of sea-weed.
7. And the ship was well armed, and she bore a strange ensign, such as pertaineth not to any among the nations of the earth.
8. So hailing this strange ship, she lay to, and they went aboard of her, even the pilot, and the Little Prophet.
9. And behold, a strange crew, clad in costume out of date, patched, and tattered, such as those the children of Gibeon wore when they came into the camp of Israel.
10. And a strange captain, whose beard had grown grey and long down to his feet, and who, with daily walking of his deck, had worn holes into the planking thereof.
11. And the name of the ship was Blubber;
12. And the name of the Captain thereof was called Duck, because he did waddle.
13. So the Little Prophet went aboard and asked for news of the day.
14. And the Captain Duck told them a wondrous story of a new nation that had sprung out of the loins of the nation of the Kings of the Earth who lived to the westward, and had swallowed them up and devoured them utterly.
15. And I, said the Captain Duck, am taking the ships of the Kings of the Earth to the westward; that, when Peace comes, I may divide the spoil thereof and enrich myself.

16. Now the Little Prophet was grieved, and shed tears.
17. Behold, said he, the fate of nations! To-day, powerful; to-morrow, they are no more seen.
18. But the pilot asked the Captain Duck and inquired of him, who was the ruler of this new nation that had sprung up out of the loins of the Kings of the Earth to the westward?
19. And the Captain Duck made answer and said, his name was Mr. Jefferson Davison.
20. Then the pilot laughed, and said, ye must have slept well! Behold, that happened in the days of my father's father. And the new nation long ago withered up and perished, and Jefferson Davison is no more heard of.
21. Thereupon the Captain Duck wondered, and felt of his long beard, and praised his own length of days, that should outlive nations and principalities and powers of the earth.
22. So the two ships parted.
23. And the ship whose name was Blubber and the Captain thereof was named Duck sailed on her way with the barnacles and sea-shells, and the ocean of weeds of the sea. And they saw her no more.
24. But the ship in which the Little Prophet was steered on her course, and made port in the land of the Kings of the Earth to the Westward.

XI.

THE LITTLE PROPHET LANDS.

1. So they landed there, and behold, a city of gold, and silver, and precious stones!
2. A city of corner-lots and gold-mines; of speculation and quicksilver.
3. At sight of the richness thereof, the spirit of prophecy came upon the Little Prophet, and he prophesied, and said:
4. Behold, mine eyes have seen the fatness thereof, and have rejoiced!
5. And mine ears have heard the tinkle thereof, and been made glad!
6. Behold, cream shall ever rise upon thy milk, oh land inexhaustible.
7. And thy mills shall never lack corn for the grinding.
8. And thy daughters shall be fair and smile brightly.
9. And thy sons shall be comely and strong.
10. Now it came to pass as he spoke in the fury of prophecy that the people gathered around him, a great throng.
11. Whereupon the magistrates of that city came up and took him, and fined him ten shekels for disturbing the peace of that city.
12. So the Little Prophet, having paid his fine, said: Woe be unto the avariciousness of this city, that, built of gold and precious stones, yet requireth of me my ten shekels of silver!
13. Verily, dyspepsy shall consume the strength and comeliness of thy sons.
14. And thy daughters' smiles shall not profit them, for their teeth shall be rotten.
15. And thy mills shall waste their flour, having no sacks to hold it.
16. And the cream that riseth upon thy

milk shall not aid thee, for it shall be continually skimmed off by the alien and the stranger!

17. So the Little Prophet, having spoken, went up out of that city forever.

FIVE MINUTES.

A PARISIAN SKETCH.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY PRESS,
BY CHARLES D. GARDNER.

About an hour after noon, a coupé stops in front of the passage of Panoramas upon the boulevard Montmartre, and at the corner of Vivienne street, one of the most bustling corners in Paris.

The passers-by see, without specially remarking, a young man some thirty-five years old, calmly seated in this hack-coupé (which does not differ from other hacks even in its uncleanness); but they do not for a moment imagine that he is waiting for a wife—who is not his own.

He is therefore wise in not assigning some less frequented place for his rendezvous, as is generally done by tyros of the Don Juan tribe. Had he, for example, stationed himself on the Place ***** , he would have infallibly become the target of every passing and indigenous eye, whose owners would soon be told his name, that of his lady, and all other details regarding both of them and their families, by an individual who would spring out of the ground apparently for the purpose!

FIRST MINUTE.

[The young man, looking at his watch, loquiter.]

I am in exact time...if only Louise doesn't keep me waiting till the day of Judgment! She is as unreliable as a piece of good news. When a fellow has no mistress, he passes his time in conquering one, and as soon as the conquest is made, he invents all sorts of manoeuvres to regain a little of his freedom. If she is altogether at liberty, he says to himself:—Augustine, or Blanche, or Adele, or Louise doesn't positively give me time to breathe...I wish she was engaged a little with some one or some thing. If she be so engaged, it is nevertheless sure that she will write you always as follows:—

"Dear Friend:

I can give thee a few moments to-day: be at one o'clock on the boulevard Montmartre, etc., etc."

And you have important business at Vincennes! As in my case!

I agreed to go to the national shooting-match with Florian and Maxime, and now this party of pleasure must be given up. It is true I don't prefer rifle-shooting to everything on earth; nor are Maxime and Florian specially entertaining, I must confess; but when Louise shall have returned home to her aunt's, I shall be left alone. And I don't amuse myself in my own society. I have nothing but disagreeable things to say to myself. Really now, she is late! If by good luck she should be kept at home, I have still time to go to the shooting-match; but her chamber-maid must

come to let me know very specially. I would not leave, for an empire, until I see Miss Ross's pert face at the corner of Vivienne street!

Not that Louise is ill-natured. No! She never reproaches me, not even when she is in the wrong. She raises her large blue eyes to mine;—I am struck speechless, like a child caught at mischief, and beg her pardon. I would a thousand times rather serve under the command of one of those women who are fond of making a scene. I would answer such a one: "My dear," I would say, "do you take me for a servant, or rather, for a sentinel, and this coupé for a sentry-box?" We would quarrel after the manner of genuine lovers, and all would be over—till next day.... There goes Mortimer. He wouldn't allow himself to be victimised in this way. Nobody ever knew of his having a mistress. He is, perhaps, right. That is Leon with him. There's another youth who knows what life is. He never takes women seriously, and they all adore him.

"Ah! there you are!" says he to Gabrielle, for instance: "will you come and dine with me at the Little Red Mill?"

"Thank you; but I've a serious dinner to undergo with two Turkish princes."

"It shall be for to-morrow then, or next week."

And he turns to Clara, who accepts.

This is not because he has not a loving nature; but he carries his love always about him, and entrusts it to the first woman that says—

"Yes!"

Without troubling himself about those who have said—

"No!"

Those two are off seeking adventures; why can I not join them! O, my freedom, beautiful myth with golden wings, what has become of you?

No man is less free than a bachelor under petticoat government!

SECOND MINUTE.

I wish I had the courage to break with her!

If I were to tell her that I am obliged to leave for Nijai-Novogorod, or for Adam's Island? Louise wouldn't believe me. So much the better; I know her; she would avoid all explanation, and if, by the merest chance, she should write me a letter of reproaches, I would reply by a bitter-sweet sort of note, and—No! it would be unworthy both of her and of me, for Louise is a thorough-bred woman of the world: she has only one fault; she loves me too much. When she comes, I will say: "My dear child, we must write the words 'the curtain falls'—at the end of the last act of our little private drama."

She will weep.

I shall be rock.

She may tear out one of my eyes; but I will keep the other to guide me in the path of freedom. We shall be foes till death; but at the end of six weeks—or of three days—she will agree that I did well in showing firmness of character.

Her husband was twenty-five years older than she, and was a feeble sentimentalist, incapable of making her either happy, or miserable. She must needs re-marry, and, as her

aunt is very rich, she may choose, from among the army of suitors who are at her feet, a husband to suit her, even though he were a ruined man like me. On my part, I shall make a rational end of myself by marrying a million, even though it have catarrh, rheumatism, and forty years' ripening. In our day, marriage is simply the harmony of two dowers which fit each other, unite, and aid calmly in the procreation of children whose births have no other end than the reconstruction of new dowers that will do as their elders did, even unto the regeneration of our moth-eaten world.

I shall meet Louise in society. Not a soul will ever know that her feet have pressed this Saxony foot-rug, or that the same stone-colored coupé has sheltered us.

I shall call her Madam.

She will call me Mister.

Well; but this plan is as poor as the other.

I know her, and I also know myself. She will look at me as she alone knows how to look at me; a tear will show the tip of its nose at the window; I shall drink it, and fall at her feet, crying like a great fool as I am: "Pardon, forgive me, my beloved Louise!" She will thereupon pardon me, and we shall be as far advanced as before. If I were to compromise a little woman already compromised? She would leave me...who knows? Even the best of women have such eccentric natures...she might be capable of loving me more than ever, and I should only have one more villainous action on my conscience.

What a labyrinth!

THIRD MINUTE.

It is—theoretically—decided that I break with her.

After having carefully weighed the thousand modes of breaking such a chain, I think the best will be a good letter.

Suppose I make a sketch of one, as I used to do at college when I wrote to the little girls whose school was next door?

(He scribbles rapidly in his memorandum book).

"MY DEAR LOUISE:

"Too long have we worn a mask upon our faces; it burns us; let us cast it off, and say resolutely these words—which always seem terrible when they are uttered for the first time:—

"Let us part!

"Let us say them without bitterness and without anger. Let us part while as yet we do not hate each other. Who knows? To-morrow, perhaps, I may behave like a brute, and you will blush to have loved a man who will then seem despicable to you. While I am painfully composing this letter, which, believe me, dear Louise, hurts me grievously, you are doubtless inventing the fable with which you will excuse your delay. Be frank, for once, at least; fear not to reduce me to despair; break my heart bravely! I have lived long enough to know that every thing in this world can be mended; especially what is irreparable.

"Farewell for ever."

Bad, pitiable, impossible, and above all, too long!

Let us try again.

Second Copy.

"MY ADORER LOUISE:

"Perhaps we are destined to meet again; perhaps we shall see each other no more. If we meet, we shall have forgotten. One always forgets! Is it a misfortune? Is it a blessing? But I see that I am writing sentences when a single word—the saddest word in the French tongue—tells all: Adieu!

"Be happy, dear Louise, and forgive me the evil that you have done me!"

Detestable!

Third Copy

"You have often said to me, dear Louise, in our chattings by the fireside: What I desire, my precious, is your happiness—your happiness, even though it cost the peace of my life.

(She never told me anything of the sort.)

"Good Louise, the time has come to prove your love by accepting the separation I propose, without attempting to recall me to your knee. Your reproaches would be useless, and your tears vain...."

(Addressing himself to a passing stranger who cannot hear him), "If you will believe me, sir, never send such lucubrations; either your mistress is false to you, and so, reads them with the eyes of your rival, and you are made ridiculous;

Which is sad.

Or, she loves you, and you give her pain;

Which is still sadder.

There still remains the old formula:—

"I know all, madam; you will see me no more!"

But, addressed to Louise, who is an angel, such a letter would seem like a miserable jest.

Fourth and last Copy.

"MY DEAR LOUISE:

"I love you; but I must think of my future! From him who will make superhuman efforts to forget you."

This is vague, and yet terse. When she comes, I will slip the note into her little hand. I will beg her to enter the coupé; I will say to the driver: 'No. 8 Lafitte street,—her residence—and I will take myself off, as quickly as though all the bailiffs in creation were at my heels.

I breathe freely; if I were not in the midst of the Boulevard I would sing a hymn of liberty.

She isn't coming! So much the better. I have waited a terribly long time.... Isn't that she crossing the street?... No, her foot is much more Parisian. Nothing is prettier than a pretty foot, gracefully set.... that of Louise is a marvel!

Out! behold me free! Free! what a heavenly word! But as to how I am going to spend my time?—

FOURTH MINUTE.

There's no use looking in every direction, I see no signs of her coming.... Ah! there she is, at last! No, it isn't she. Where was my head? Louise would never wear so many colors: red, blue, mauve, yellow, and green;

that woman is a dyer's sign. What will they invent next?... Really, if the hours have wings, somebody has been pulling out their feathers! Where can she be? Why isn't she here?

I am sure I'm here!

We have loved each other for six months. These six months are no longer for her than for me. Perhaps, just as she was coming out, a visitor arrived, and she did not dare to leave. Louise has one great fault: she is too well-bred: she is too much the slave of conventionalities. I like those women of whom it is said, "She is not amiable," and those dogs that bite everybody but me.

She has gone to her dressmaker's, and when a woman is talking fashions, she may easily forget her lover.

She said to me, three days ago:—

"Dost thou know, dear angel, that my cousin Archibald has asked my hand of my aunt?"

If that was a "feeler?" The women are so keen when they no longer love, and Louise certainly loves me less since I adore her.

That Archibald is a notorious simpleton, which, in the eyes of a young widow, is a great recommendation. Louise's aunt receives him with favor; he has his public and private entrées at her house; but the good lady does not want her niece to marry. Louise, however, will conquer her resistance when such a phoenix as Archibald is in question. He has everything in his favor; not contented with being silly, he is also as rich as a Hollander just back from Japan....

If she were ill, now?... If she were dead?... No, she is alive and well, I'm sure: Only her heart is dead.

Why don't she let me visit her at home? She pretends that her aunt would read my passion in my eyes immediately. It seems that my eyes are great traitors.... Is my reign already over? I fear so. In bringing me her mistress's note this morning, (he kisses the note) Rose was unusually cold; it is a sure sign of decadence. I can always tell from the manner of the servant, how I am held by the mistress.

Nothing yet!

I've an awful headache. I positively hate her, I detest her, I execrate her! I am aware that the force of these verbs is slightly lessened, since they are employed as synonyms for "I love her." No matter, I execrate her! I detest her! I hate her! I shall go home and go to bed. By the way, I'll leave my note of separation with the house-porter of Louise; it will be vulgar—but since I only wish to break with her.... No! I want her to regret me....

Nothing yet!

Why don't she come?

Since she has said that she would come!

FIFTH MINUTE.

If she deceived me it would be very bad: I feel it would kill me! To keep one waiting in this way, when I would commit a crime to satisfy one of her spoilt child's caprices! I don't want to think any more about her! Ay! but how to go about forgetting her? The ingrate! I would have made her so happy! I would have found for her, on the borders of

some silvery lake, a charming little nest shrouded in mystery, surrounded by a miniature garden, so small that we should have been obliged to press close to each other.

If I knew for whom she sacrifices me, how joyfully would I bathe in his blood!

Louise, thou wilt never know how dearly I have loved thee, and with what solicitude I ponder on our future while you are keeping me waiting.

This sort of life is not possible.... She must choose between us! (bouncing on his seat). How, between us? If I knew I had a rival, I would do something horrible!

I am losing my wits!

I will love another.... No! a love such as that with which Louise inspires me can only be felt once. I worshipped all womankind in one woman: henceforth, in one I shall hate them all!

Traitress!

"Mutable as the wave," saith the great Shakspeare. (Smiling ironically). Sir William, you may bestow its poetic name on water, but in your simile you do not treat it well!

When one loves as I love Louise, there is but one conclusion:

Marriage!

But I will not be foe to my own peace, in wedding a woman who treats me Cassandra-wise, before the nuptials.

One may be a few seconds behind time, or a few minutes, or even an hour; but to make me lose a whole holiday is beyond all reason!

I wonder what time it is? I won't look at my watch for fear of doubling my rage.

Ingrate!

Flirt!

Heartless!....

It is she—no, not yet!

I think she might have sent Miss Rose to me; but does she even remember me when that Archibald is there! For I know he is there now! I can hear him delivering his asthmatic madrigals: "Fair lady, your cheeks outvie the rose this morn; they are as velvety as the peach. Your hands, white as milk, remind me of the spindles of Queen Bertha, who spun so gracefully."

He quotes the lovers of the old Gymnase, and such a mouth as he opens to let out this senseless gabble! It would put a four-pound loaf of bread in a cold sweat.... I am going! She may say what she likes. Driver! Bruyère street, number 24! (The driver blows his nose—the signal of departure). A little faster, and you shall have extra drink-money! (To himself) I don't want Louise to find me here. (The vehicle is on the point of starting). Stop! driver, stop! (To himself) I must not have a shadow of wrong against me. I will stay here till midnight if need be.

(The driver shrugs his shoulders in a manner translatable thus: "What a stupid animal is the human animal!")

If she chanced to be with that Archibald in a private room of that café opposite, they would laugh at the poor figure I cut. Women who love no longer, are pitiless! Let us flee! Driver! Bruyère street, number 24!

(The driver whips his horse, which, after a moment's hesitation, decides upon taking one step forward.)

I am by no means dissatisfied with my little

coup d'état... However, if she were really quite ill, Miss Rose could not leave her. Yesterday she had a terrible palpitation of the heart.

I think I would do well not to quit my post.

If she is hidden somewhere with a lover—so much the worse for her! All honorable people will sympathize with me.

(The young man hangs on to the coat tail of the driver, and cries in a stentorian voice: Don't leave!)

(The driver talks in a low tone to his horse, which takes one step backward, with the nonchalance of an intelligent beast, that has worked in Paris long enough to know that the order of departure given by his temporary master was the reverse of serious.)

(Hardly has the young man resumed his place in the corner of the coupé, when the right hand door opens, and a veiled lady throws herself into the seat beside him.)

"I thought I was followed!" says she. "I took a roundabout way; but it was a false alarm. Am I a little late, my friend?"

"A little? late enough; too much; far too late, Madam!" replies the young man in a sharp voice. "I willingly accord you the quarter of an hour's grace; but more is too much."

"I will return then, in ten minutes; your bad humor will perhaps have passed away."

"What do you say?"

"That I am just five minutes late."

"Five minutes?"

"Five minutes—see for yourself."

(She puts her watch under his nose.)

"It's true! Ah, Louise! what a proof of how I love you!"

"Enough to marry me?"

"Enough to commit any folly in the world!"

Five minutes!

Who shall say how many ages there are in five minutes, when one waits for the woman he loves!

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE STATUES OF NEW YORK.

BY ARMAC.

The empire city is unjustly accused of indifference to plastic art. We say unjustly, not referring, in vindication of her taste, to private collections, which denote individual culture or wealth without proving aesthetic training in the masses. Nor do we point to the opening glories of the Central Park, as they have dawned into one alien bust and a brace of bronze vultures. And we lay out of view (alas, that it is only figuratively!) the numerous fountains whose chiselled basins our ruler's economy refuses to spoil by the dampness of spray, as well as that expressive sandstone, more perishable, happily, than granite, in which the Father of his country frowns on the City Hall.

But we assert that there are scattered throughout the highways and even the lanes of this busy town, specimens of sculpture that

would have astonished Phidias, and put ancient luxury to the blush. Rome had her myriad statues—we should like to take a contract for draining the Tiber, to recover a few thousand—but those of New York yield the palm to none of hers for facile execution, brilliant tint—or practical purpose.

There are schools, too, of New York plastic art, as there were of Attic. Only, while they studied the manifold moods of beauty, we apply its numberless uses.

Earliest to rise, and richest in development, is the Nicotian school of Manhattan sculpture which has branched again into three principal styles, the Gaelic, the Mohammedan, and the Aboriginal.

It was the inspiration of trade, quickening the genius of Mrs. Miller, which first reared that colossal Highlander on his brawny bare legs, crowned his bland features with rigid plumes, and stretched his sinewy arm and compressing fingers in threatening nearness to his ligneous nose. After many changes of ownership, he now braves the storm in front of a noted Broadway tobaccoist, as erect and thew as when he first drew our youthful gaze of wonder—wonder whether he was forever hesitating to inflict mortal insult on his own proboscis, a suicide of honor, or whether he would forever linger, pinch in hand, in stoic endurance of the titillating torture.

Here may be found, in the side streets, feeble imitations of this Scottish chief, but none of all the kilted clan deserves to be called a chip of the old block.

The Mohammedan style is a modern variation springing from the introduction of chibouques. Its marks are uniform—the preposterous overcoat, the inconvenient trousers, and the Blue-beard turban. A fine specimen has, for several years, emitted ideal puffs at passengers along Broadway near Duane street. It was a subtle stroke of art to introduce among these eager restless throngs the solemn element of Eastern fatalism, made graver by the misty influence of the pipe. Another, in a tailor's attitude, leans horribly out of its tawny face from a window under the Metropolitan Hotel. The first of these is not designed as a wood-out of Bayard Taylor, nor the last as one of the Howadje.

But it is to the Bowery, removed from civilization, that the inquiring stranger must turn his steps in search of the best instances of the aboriginal type in our city statues. Here a sense of justice blends with the love of art; here the stern Indian, bereft of all other possessions, lives still to fame, a "stoic of the wood." And what a noble race, if these are faithful copies of its beauties of form in either sex, have the Anglo-saxons dispossessed! The fierce Pequot dashes round the corner at the alarmed wayfarer, brandishing his tomahawk wreathed in tobacco branches; the wily Iroquois crouches ambushed behind a show-case, thrusting the poisonous weed beneath the buyer's nose; the pensive Pawnee queen reveals her nude and savage graces as she tenders in tribute a handful of cigars. Cacique and Inee, sachem and squaw, here stand in immortal beauty, freshened by a yearly touch of the brush, as images of their lost sway over a continent. What ancient people, with poetic justice, has ever so ennobled the original owners whom they drove out from the soil? The nations of antiquity carved only their ances-

tors. We, "above all Greek, above all Roman fame," first rob the Indian, and then set up his statue in all our thoroughfares as a god of trade.

We have meted like justice to the black race, specimens of which may be discovered in some obscure parts of the town, executing a kind of delirious dance under the influence of the Great Plant, while offering in either hand its counterfeit presentment.

The Niastian school has lately grafted upon itself the English theory of Punch, whose painful disproportions decorate the front of a shop in Liberty street, and another in the Bowery. In thus borrowing foreign aid, this school has passed beyond the limits of art into caricature, and in these works "shows signs" of decadence. "*Pugnare scyphis Thracumet*"—it's the Jersey fashion to have pug-nosed Punches.

Another school of sculpture that has been cultivated in the metropolis is the Marine. Thousands of artists have sent into all lands marks of their genius in this style upon the prows and poops of our dashing ships. Their value is incalculable. With Shelley, "we look before and after, and cypher what is not." This style deserves a special and separate study, particularly since its views are still a good deal afloat, and its productions all for sail.

An interesting work of this kind is posted near the South Ferry in the form of an ingenious seaboy, inviting to a ship chandler's premises. One of the earliest and purest examples of the marine style has lately passed from our view, and lurks, we fear, in the degraded purlieu of Dover street. He was an Admiral—ruddy, burly, of immense lapel and portentous cocked hat, pointing a persistent sextant at the sky. Some instrument-maker had designed him, and his date went back at least to the glories of our last naval war, if indeed he were not himself a captive work of art, and a figure-head of triumph over England. Wooden admirals, alas, have decayed with their wooden walls, and any new efforts of art in this direction must be executed in sheet iron, unless, perhaps, our ancient friend may re-appear in moulded metal—as a cast-away.

We linger with much tenderness of memory over these pre-Raphaelite instances of New-York sculpture. Their simplicity is yielding to the influence of war and travel, and on their usurped pedestal are rising, in various parts of the town, outlandish Japanese, who guard the entrance to tea-stores, and Zouaves, who threateningly point the way with outstretched pistol into shooting galleries. Nor can we permit to vanish without a sigh the bright apparition of twin tin bronzes which did such honor to the town taste, presiding for some months over the portals of that temple of song, Wood's Minstrels—those Ethiopian corybantes, of whom one might seem a convalesced Cleopatra and the other an agonized Othello. Or were they simple Uncle Pomp and Aunt Dinah? The aesthetic stranger seeks them now in vain.

"*Nec jam sustineant sous silva laborantes*." "The hard-working Woods no more thrust such a tinny aunt on us."

Space fails us for more than a hint at the minor developments of the sculptor's art of which our city has reason to be proud. There are the perruquier's ravishing wax-works, clad

in clanking lace—tells of their trade—we admire and clearly see, into the immense power given to the setting-up of these works. There are the purely classic moulds of phrenology, the collections of idiots, Spurgeon's, and murderers that make up the enduring and income-bursting gallery of the Fowlers. But enough has been said, unless we have failed in our object, to prove that New York, far from neglecting the art of sculpture, has raised it into practical nobleness by linking it with commerce, and in the midst of her greed for gain and vitality of dissipation, has never forgotten,

"The storied Earn, the animated Bust."

(For the Saturday Press.)

SAYINGS OF JOSH BILLINGS.

LYING.

As easy as it is to lie, I am astonished that there are so few engaged in the bizness, and that so few fast-rate lies are ever told.

I am not prepared to say how much real sin there is in what is called a light-coloured lie, that has no malice or evil result in it, but I have always noticed that the heft or mankind love to excel in awl they undertake, and I can't tell how long a man would be willing to tell white lies for fun when he might be turning an honest penny for himself by telling black ones.

Men don't generally bekum drunkards by confining themselves stricktly tew sweet sider.

Lieing is the lowest grade of sin,—it is more cowardly than stealing, because there is less risk in it,—it is more demoralizing than burglary, because there is no cure for it,—it is more dangerous than swearing, because swearing don't hurt enny boddy else,—it was the fust sin committed, because it was the easiest and most natral, and it will probably be the last one committed, because no man ever gits so poor and degraded but what he can tell quite a respektabel lie.

Lieing is sed tew be constitushionall in sum folks,—so is the itch constitutional, because folks hang around where it is, and won't doktor for it after they git caught by it.

Finally—I might as well own it—I hav told a few very fair lies myself, but i kant reckoleckt ov ens.

That I feel proud ov now.

BILLIARDS.

Evryboddy seems tew be gitting crazee over a new game, which has jist bin diskovered, called billiards.

If it played on the top of a tabel which is a little longer than it is square, and the game seems to konsist in pushing sum round red bawls agin sum round white bawls, untill they drop into sum little pudding bags which are hung onto the outside of the tabel.

It takes 2 men to play the game, but 4 or 5 can look on.

They take off their coats, and stand

Then we began, by giving one of the boys a pinch in the belly, which made him again the first one's belly, and so on till the tother fellow's turn for pinching comes on.)

But you ought to see the game pit, kept by
 delineated by words in Devanagari, again and
 One fellow generally beats the other fellow,
 and then he pays the landlord or the owner
 25 cents for the privilege of getting beat, and
 buys some gin with lemonade in it, and how
 hands drink. And all around the courtyard

Then 2 more takes bolt ov the fish-poles, and they punch for a spell, and so it goes till 2 o'clock in the mornin'; then each goes hum, having enjoyed fine exercise, a little drunk perhaps, but the muscles in their breast are so expanded that they kant catch the consumpshun nor the smaual pox.

This is billiards.

JOHN BULLING

(From Once a Week.)

LA RABBIATA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

The sun had not yet risen. Over Vesuvius lay a thick grey sheet of mist, which stretched away toward Naples, and obscured the little towns along the coast. The sea was calm. The harbor was built in a narrow bay under the high and rocky Sorrentine coast, and here the fishermen and their wives were already moving about, and pulling to shore the boats and nets which had been lying out all night. Others prepared the barks, trimmed the sails, and got out the oars and masts from the caves, which were built deep into the rock, and in which the tackle was kept at night. Not an idler was to be seen—even those who were too old to go out in the boats, helped to pull in the nets; and here and there on one of the flat roofs stood an old woman, turning her spindle, or busy looking after her grandchildren.

"Do you see, Rachela, there is our padre curato!" said an old woman to a little creature ten years old standing near her, and busy with her spindle. "He is just getting into the boat; Antonio is to row him over to Capri. Maria Santissima! how sleepy the reverend gentleman looks!" And so saying, she waved her hand to a pleasant-looking little priest who had just settled himself in the boat, after having first carefully spread his black cloak over the wooden bench. Others on the shore paused in their work to watch the padre go off, as he nodded and bowed from side to side.

"Why must he go to Capri, grandmother?" said the child; "have they got no padre there, that they must borrow ours?"

"Don't be so silly, child," said the old woman; "they have got padres enough, and the most beautiful churches, and even a hermit, which we have not got. But there is a grand signora there, and she lived here in Sorrento for a long time, and was very ill; so the padre was often obliged to go to her with the signora."

fact, because they thought she would not live
longer, and she had grown strong and stout
again, and can bathe in the sea every day.
When she went back to Capri, she gave a
whole heap of beautiful ducats to the church
and to the poor, and would not go till the
padre had promised to visit her, so that she
might confess to him. It is astonishing what
a deal she thinks of him; and we may bless
ourselves that we have got such a padre, with
talents worthy of an archbishop, and who is
so run after by grand people. The Madonna
protect him," and with these words, she nodded
to the little bark which was just going to push
off down below.

"Shall we have fine weather, my son?" asked the little priest, glancing doubtfully away towards Naples.

"The sun has not yet shone out," answered the lad; "he'll soon drive away that bit of fog."

"Then pull away, so that we get there before the heat."

Antonio was just taking the long oar to push out into the open sea, when he suddenly stopped, and looked up towards the steep path which led down from the little town of Sorrento to the harbor beneath. A slight girlish figure was visible up there, hurrying down over the stones, and waving a handkerchief. She carried a little bundle under her arm, and her appearance was poor enough. Nevertheless she had a lofty way of carrying her head, and the plaits of hair which were coiled over her forehead seemed to crown her like a diadem.

"What are we waiting for?" asked the padre.

"Somebody is coming who wants to go to Capri too. By your leave, padre, we sha'n't go the slower, for it's only a young girl of scarcely eighteen years."

At this moment the girl appeared from behind the wall which hid the winding-path.

"Laurella," said the padre; "what has she got to do at Capri?"

Antonio shrugged his shoulders ; the girl hurried forward, her eyes cast down.

"Good morning, la Rabbiate," cried some of the young men who were standing round. They would have said more if the presence of the padre had not held them in respect, for the cool way in which the girl received their salutation seemed to make them more insolent.

"Good morning, Laurella," said the padre ;
"how goes it ? art thou going to Capri ?"

"With your leave, padre. Ask Antonio; he is the master of the boat. Every one is master of his own property; and God ruler over us all. There is a half earline," said Laurella, without looking at the young boatman. "if I can go for that."

"You can use it better than I," muttered the lad, pushing away some baskets of oranges so as to make room for her. (He was going to sell them at Capri, where the land is too dry to produce oranges enough for the wants of the many visitors.)

"I will not go for nothing," answered the girl, bending her black eyebrows.

"Come now, child," said the padre, "he is a good lad, and does not wish to enrich himself from thy poverty. There now, get in"—and he gave her his hand—"and sit down by

(Continued on page 314)

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If you wish to make your friends the most tasteful Christmas present imaginable, send them the SATURDAY PRESS for a year. It will cost you but three dollars, and will recall you pleasantly to mind every week.

We give up nearly all our editorial space this week to a curious sketch sent to us by Mr. ALFRED M. WILLIAMS, the well-known Irish correspondent of the TRIBUNE. Mr. Williams, it will be remembered, was arrested by the British authorities, immediately after his arrival in Liverpool, on the charge of being a Fenian! The charge was based on the fact of there having been found in his dressing-case a small pocket pistol. If powder and shot had been found there also, he would probably have been hanged. We forget why he was liberated, but we believe it was on the ground that he didn't happen to be a Fenian.

A large number of men are at work at the corner of Broadway and Ann street digging the grave of the NEW YORK HERALD.

The Fenians are so much amused at the row they have kicked up on both sides the water that the other day they laughed till they split.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

I trust, sir, that you were in good condition on Tuesday last, and that you graced the theatre with your presence on that occasion.

By the theatre, I mean of course Wallack's which both in desire and fact is the theatre after all.

On the evening mentioned, a new one act play, called "Dreams of Delusion," was produced.

For an austere critic, like yourself, it was an aggravating play, demanding great application and strength of mind together with good physical health.

The plot is ingeniously diffused like a homeopathic potion, and the flavor almost eludes detection.

So complete is the trituration, I am afraid it must be admitted, too, that there are several statements and narratives at which you, with a vain love of brevity, would rave furiously.

They are long winded and mysterious.

What is worse, they must be listened to and retained.

Hence, when I express the hope that you were present on Tuesday, it is because I believe the discipline would be good for you.

Whenever there was a gentle flutter amongst the sex, I sought you, instinctively,

feeling certain that before the evening was done, you would be led forth staggering mildly like Twemlow, and exclaiming, with your pale hand to your brow, "This is too much."

On the evening in question, Mr. FREDERICK ROBINSON made his first appearance on a New York stage, and played, with singular earnestness and discretion, the embarrassing role of Sir Bernard Harleigh in the piece just named.

The gentleman's reception was thoroughly cordial; for you may be sure the public had not forgotten the dangers he had passed and, after quarantine, mind you, were glad to take his hand and give him good cheer.

In appearance, Mr. Robinson bears some resemblance to the late Prince Albert, in, say the second or model-farm period of his career.

Nor is this resemblance altogether accidental.

The trimly shaven face—the scantily thatched head—the lean mutton-chop whiskers—are entirely in the style of His late Agricultural Highness.

The subject is of no importance save in such way as it serves to convey an idea of Mr. Robinson's appearance.

The gentleman's voice is good and entirely natural.

He is either unacquainted with the art of elocution, or mercifully keeps that knowledge to himself.

I noticed with gratification, too, that he came on the stage and left it, like a human being.

His presence before the audience is well studied and artistic.

In its quietness and preference for standing still, it is eminently French.

Action and gesticulation have undoubtedly been carried to an excess on the American and English stages, but in France they have touched the other extreme.

Let an actor of the gay metropolis have a new hat in his hand, and he will give you the banquet scene from Macbeth without shifting a leg.

And this reminds me that "Dreams of Delusion" is nothing but a moderately good translation of a French piece called "*Elle est Folle*."

The original title, to my mind, is preferable to the perplexing one bestowed on the play by Mr. Palgrave Simpson; but with this I have nothing to do.

The story of the drama, provided you listen to it with attention, is painfully intense.

It is barely worth narrating, but the points are these.

Sir Bernard Raleigh having married an exceedingly pretty girl of the name of Henriques proceeds at once, like a sensible man, to be jealous of her.

Unconscious of the fact that an English nobleman, Lord Arthur Brandon, also entertains matrimonial intentions towards Miss Ione Burke, he instantly imagines that that not-very-bloated aristocrat's visit to Raleigh Hall are contraband of matrimony.

I am pained to say that, inflamed with this erroneous idea, he seizes Lord Arthur, and after a scuffle, flings him into the sea, where—the last seen of him—he is vainly waving a white pocket-handkerchief for assistance.

Sir Bernard thereafter has a British peer on his mind.

The effect is disastrous.

He becomes a monomaniac.

He believes that his pretty little wife is insane, and sends for an eminent doctor, to whom he relates a piteous story: Lady Harleigh has on her part learnt the dread secret of her husband's condition, and she, too, tells the sad tale to the doctor: the good gentleman is somewhat bothered with the apparent sanity of both his patients, but casually drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, he soon has an opportunity of detecting the real sufferer, for Sir Bernard, reminded by that token of the scene on the cliff, becomes frantic, almost plucks out his hair by the roots, actually stamps with violence, and rushes out as though the chimney smoked: of course Lord Arthur Brandon does not go to the bottom: he turns up pretty frequently and invariably, I am ashamed to say, when Miss Burke is in the neighborhood: at last he confronts his old friend, Sir Bernard, explains the state of the case, and restores that gentleman to sanity.

The first thing Sir Bernard does is to kiss his wife (*à la Henriques*) to show that he knows quite well what he is about, and that a benevolent public need no longer be under apprehension.

Mr. Robinson's success was all that could be desired.

He is a good, careful artist, who will not quite supplant Mr. Lester Wallack, but who, in a certain line of characters, will establish a reputation of his own.

The gentleman was supported gracefully by the ladies I have already named—they have rarely been seen to better advantage—and powerfully by Mr. John Gilbert.

C. B. S.

(For the Saturday Press.)

A NIGHT IN KIERNAN'S TOWER.

BY ALFRED M. WILLIAMS.

This is not a ghost story, a tale of a midnight watch in the haunted chamber of an old castle hung with the dark glistening mantle of ivy, and encircled by a busy flock of cawing crows, as it darkens beneath the shadow of the heavy sky, or brightens beneath a sun-burst that lightens the green Irish hill-side with a stream of humid light, where the solitary candle burns dim, and the turf-fire smoulders with sulphurous flame, and the red nose of old Cromwell shines at the butt of the deep stone hole that serves for a window, surrounded by those stern, full features, twisting and changing in diabolical glee, or the stone staircase clanks to the feet of that O' that was slain by Con of the Hundred Battles, or the Mac' who was killed by his brother, or whatever hero in the bloody tapestry that tells the history of every Irish castle from the days of Strongbow to those of Fighting Fitzgerald, and a shudder creeps over your nerves until you have cursed yourself and finished the tumbler of whiskey punch.

One fine November evening I issued forth into the Grand Parade in Cork's own town, with a Corksian born and bred for a guide. First a turn to the right, then a turn to the

left, and we crossed a narrow stone bridge over the divided Lee, and climbed a steep narrow street densely thronged with a ragged horde of the city's poor. Windows adorned with herrings, a string of onions, a tumbler of pipes or small bake-shops gave token where the luxuries of Irish life can be purchased by the ha'penny worth; small forges gleamed with dull red light on the grimy forms of the workmen; cobblers tacked and pounded in little dens, while

"Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them," the open doors of the whiskey shops flared out upon the throng; bending old crones, strapping matrons with fiery eyes and frowzled hair, dangling in rags, and with not the sign of shoe or stocking on bare feet and red ankles; girls with beautiful vivacious features, and cheeks blooming beneath dark, abundant hair, that was without covering save the fold of a cloak or shawl; men with angry nostrils and battered caubeens, illustrating the proverb that the "life of an old hat consists in cocking it," and clad in the cast-off clothes of English beggars; beggar women whose salutation was "God bless you, my fine gentleman," and whose valediction, "Hell resave your souls, ye stingy thieves," followed by a torrent of curses in Irish, as long as the victims were within hearing, that would have made their hair bristle, if fortunately they had not been unable to understand its bitter eloquence.

On we went past the Poor markets, on opposite sides of the street, wide-open spaces surrounded by lofty walls of rough, stone-like, enormous pounds; in these a group of fish-women, with the proverbial eloquence of such, were selling pence worth of sprats by the light of a candle shrouded in an extemporaneous paper lantern; milk and drisheens—a Cork dish that deserves a chapter itself—and *cro-beens*, Anglice pigs' feet, and the like luxuries indulged in by the rich and fortunate along the street that speedily sunk into rows of low-browed stone cabins, where groups of women could be seen through the diminutive windows crouched over the smouldering fire, or a lonely man leaned out over the half-door with sad heart and empty pocket, no chink of the half-pence in one, or hope of whiskey in the other, the whole scene shining beneath gleams from the cloud-cracked moon, and wrapped in that quiet to which the pressure of utter destitution alone could reduce so many Irish hearts. From this, turning into a narrow lane, where nothing wider than a donkey-cart could find passage, we floundered along in the darkened way over the rough cobble-stones and pools of odorous water, speedily lost in such a labyrinth tangled in this wilderness of poverty, that nothing but the thread could guide the stranger out to civilization again in the night. Presently we emerged into a slightly wider space, and the ear was saluted with the unmistakable drone of the bagpipes issuing through the shutters of a long, low side of a staccado wall. A stream of light issued from the door, and stooping our heads after the fashion of a goose entering a barn door—there was room enough although the portal looked so low—we found ourselves in a small room half filled with an enormous bar, graced by a dirty and disheveled maid, and making a short turn entered the very penetralia of the "Tower"—the banqueting-hall.

An endless low room flaring with gas and

clouded with tobacco reek, its centre filled with sets potting away with nimble feet to the lively notes of Miss McCloud's reel; the piper jerking his elbow and plying his fingers enthroned in vapor on a platform at the upper end of the room. Along the walls were tables adorned with pewter pints and tumblers, and in the rear of these with their backs against the wall, and their fists affectionately embracing the vessels a close row of soldiers in red coats and visorless caps whose guards fell across their chins, neat and clean and erect, and the material of which they were made at their elbows, in the lounging, dirty, ragged young fellows, who yet scorned the Queen's livery uncorrupted by her shilling, a sprinkling of men of war's men, and girls in knots by themselves waiting for their chance to enliven the floor with their feet, not scorning in the meanwhile the proffer of a friendly pint of beer. The attendant botlers of the castle in the shape—not of gorgeous young ladies as in the abodes of melody in Broadway—but strapping young gossoons in corduroys and waistcoats with flannel sleeves who, having received the modest guerdon of two pence, sped to obey our behest, leaving us to single out the features of the scene, as after having been dazzled by the first view of a magnificent picture we sit down to extricate its single beauties. Near me was seated a slight young soldier in cavalry uniform, the gilt stripes of a corporal on his scarlet sleeve, and a face a perfect model of youthful beauty, bright with natural but not educated intelligence, in which there is great difference—an unmistakable Irish face with healthy bloom and soft blue eye, yet no Milesian mould in those regular features and short upper-lip. A pipe has fallen from his careless hand, but he is not enough lost in reverie not to give an eye to the dancers, or an ear to the conversation of a couple of comrades at his elbow. Can I see a match for thee, my Hylas, among the dancers on the floor, or the groups at the table? Not at all; not a handsome face is to be seen among the girls, although, thank God, there is not one branded with the stamp of shame. Coarse and unrefined their faces must be, or they would not have been there—look at Bridget in your kitchen, and you will see their type—no fallen angel such as whose face will occasionally gleam out beneath a gas light in Oxford St., or sicken the heart in a Broadway cellar. There are no young girls and I thought it would have been impossible to have collected so many uninteresting faces in Cork, whose women are the pride of all Ireland, and whose vivid beauty and flashing wit had in Lola Montez, known in her birth-place as Miss T—, a perfect type and consummate flower. While looking for another face good or bad worthy of study the gig suddenly snapped off, the dancers crowded into seats and the voices that had been blended with the drone of the bagpipe

"Into an undefined and mingled hum,
Voice of the desert never dumb,"

broke out into laugh and call and talk. Next there was a five minutes' call of "Order please," a fiddler rose up and took his seat, and a young soldier with gloves tucked in his belt sang a song in a high soaring voice, not a word of which could be distinguished, yet appeared to be of a very popular nature from the applause which it received. Next a young countryman danced a *pater o' pec* or some other

equally intricate Irish "complication of steps," with such a listless countenance and such lively heels that, like the erratic Leprechaun, "could he dance with the head of him, and think with the heels of him, then were he a blessed spirit."

I had seen enough and was about to depart, when the lord of the tower made his appearance—a complacent little fellow with black shiny hair a little thin on the top, dark moustache and iron grey beard. He was pleased to welcome an American, and told us that he had made the foundation of his fortune in America, and taking a wise hint had returned to his native city, and invested as we have seen. He must have been growing rich or he never could have worn that countenance. We followed him out into the cool air and found ourselves in a sort of garden with seats and fountain in the centre, and rising above our heads, what had so seriously befogged me as to the nature of the object of our visit, "Kieran's Tower." Nothing more nor less than a tall observatory of stone. By invitation of the proprietor we entered the door of the "Tower," guarded by a tasteful wooden snake with a dragon's head and fiery tongue, and climbed around and around the dark staircase until we emerged beneath the dim heavens on its breezy summit. Thence leaning on the rail all the city of Cork lay spread beneath the eye. A wilderness of dim indistinguishable masses, twinkling with misty lights and crowned with the reek of its innumerable chimneys, formless, vague, yet instinct with life like the background of one of Dore's pictures. The divided streams of the Lee encircling the centre of the city showed like belts of vapor, flowing far toward that starry corner of the cloud racked sky.

It is hard to conjure the hero by the talisman of Cork. It is synonymous with the abode of fun and good living, devilment and whiskey punch, the city

"Where salmon, drisheens, and beef-steaks are cooked best,"

the Blarney stone, the inspiration of its people and drinking and rioting their diversions, and he who is fortunate enough to spend any portion of his life therein, will confess that there is some truth in the popular notion, but if perched as we were above such a crowded swarm of poverty and misery, hunger and disease as was packed in the noisome hives beneath, he could not but think of the death's head behind the grinning mask. It was nine o'clock. The clear notes of a bugle sounded faintly from the barracks on the other side of the city, and the famous chimes rang out from the Shandon steeple, where

"Seven bells proportionate of different size,
And full of melody from rim to crown,"

charm the air with sweet notes, that were the fit inspiration of the noble lyric of Father Prout, which has echoed their melody over the world. They finished. We came down and having drank our whiskey punch, we proceeded, as Carlyle says, to eat the glass, that is to say to give a description.

Madame Leedernier will give her second and last reading of the season on Monday evening next at Clinton Hall. Her first reading, given at the same place on Tuesday last, was attended by an unusually select audience, and was one of the pleasantest entertainments of the kind that have been given this season.

me. Why, he has spread out his jacket for thee to sit on; he did not do as much for me; but young people are always so; for the smallest bit of womanhood, people care more than for ten holy fathers. Now, no excuses, Tonino; it is as our God has made it; meanwhile, Laurella had got in and sat down, after having first carefully pushed away the jacket. Tonino let it lie, but muttered something between his teeth; then he pulled hard against the current, and the little boat flew out into the gulf. "What hast thou in thy bundle?" asked the padre, as they sped away over the sea, which was just lit up by the first rays of the sun.

"Silk, cotton, and bread, padre; the silk is for a woman at Capri who makes ribands; and the cotton for some one else."

"Hast thou spun it thyself?"

"Yes, padre."

"If I remember rightly, thou canst also make ribands?"

"Yes, sir, but my mother is worse again, so that I cannot leave home, and we cannot pay for a loom for ourselves."

"Worse, is she? Dear me! when I was with you at Easter she was sitting up."

"Spring is always the worst time for her; since the great storms and the earthquakes, she has had so much pain, that she has been obliged to lie down."

"Do not leave off praying, my child, and asking the Holy Virgin to make intercession for thee. When thou camest down to the shore, they called thee 'la Rabbiana.' Why so? It is not a nice name for a Christian, who ought to be meek and humble."

The dark face of the girl glowed all over, and her eyes sparkled.

"They mock me, because I don't dance and sing and chatter like the others; they ought to let me alone, I don't meddle with them."

"Thou mightest, however, be pleasant to every one; others whose life is easier may dance and sing, but even one who is sad can have a pleasant word for all."

She cast down her eyes, and pulled her eyebrows over them. They went on a little while in silence. The sun had now risen in full splendor over the mountains; the peak of Vesuvius reared itself over the sheet of cloud which still clung to its base, and the white houses on the plain of Sorrento peeped out from the green orange-trees.

"Has nothing more been heard of that artist, Laurella, that Neapolitan who wished to have thee for a wife?" asked the padre.

She shook her head.

"He came to take thy portrait, why didst thou not let him?"

"What did he want with it? There are others more beautiful than I—and then—who knows what he would have done with it; he might have bewitched me with it, mother said, and hurt my soul, or even killed me."

"Think not such sinful things," said the padre, seriously; "art thou not always in God's hand, without whose will not a hair of thy head can perish? and dost thou suppose that a man with a portrait in his possession is stronger than the great God? Besides, thou couldst see that he only meant kindly towards thee; would he have wished to marry thee otherwise?"

She was silent.

"And why didst thou refuse him? They said he was a good man, and would have supported thee and thy mother better than thou canst do with thy little bit of spinning and silk-winding."

"We are poor people," said she, passionately, "and my mother has been ill a long while; we should only have been a burden to him. I could never pass for a signora, and when his friends came to see him, he would have been ashamed of me."

"How thou talkest! I tell thee, child, that he was a good gentleman; besides he was going to settle at Sorrento; there will not soon again be such another, who seemed to be sent straight from heaven to help you."

"I don't want a husband; never!" said she, quite determinedly, and as if to herself.

"Hast thou taken an oath, or wilt thou turn nun?"

She shook her head.

"They are right who call thee obstinate, though such a name is not nice; dost thou not consider that thou art not alone in the world, and by this stubbornness thou makest the life and the sufferings of thy poor mother only more bitter: what sufficient reason was there to refuse every honest hand which would support thee and thy mother; answer me, Laurella?"

"There is a reason," said she, gently and hesitatingly, "but I cannot tell it."

"Not tell it—not even to me—not to thy father confessor? At another time thou wouldst have no difficulty in telling me; is it not so?"

She nodded.

"Then relieve thy heart, child; if thou art in the right, I will be the first to allow it; but thou art young, and knowest nothing of the world, and some day thou mightest repent that for a childish fancy thou shouldst have thrown away thy happiness."

She cast a rapid, timid glance at the lad who sat at the end of the boat, rowing busily, with his woollen cap pulled down right over his brow. He was looking sidelong at the water, and seemed to be lost in his own thoughts. The padre observed her glance, and bent his ear nearer to her. "You did not know my father?" whispered she, and her eyes became fierce.

"Thy father? Why, I think he died when thou wast scarcely ten; what has thy father, who may be in Paradise, to do with thy obstinacy?"

"You did not know him, padre; you do not know that he is entirely to blame for my mother's illness."

"How so?"

"Because he ill-used her, and beat her and kicked her. I still remember the nights when he came home in a rage; she never said a word, and did everything that he wished; but he, he beat her till my heart was ready to break; I used to pull the bed-clothes over my head, and pretend to sleep, but in reality I cried the whole night. And when he saw her lying on the floor, then suddenly he would change, and drag her up, and kiss her till she screamed out that he would stifle her. Mother forbade me ever to say a word about it, but it wore her out, so that now all these long years since he died she has never got well, and if she should die soon, which God forbid, I know well who killed her."

The little priest shook his head and seemed unwillingly to acknowledge his penitent to be in the right. At last he said, "Forgive him, as thy mother has; do not fix thy thoughts upon such sad pictures, Laurella; better times will come, and make thee forget it all."

"Never shall I forget that," said she shuddering, "and therefore I shall remain single, in order to be subject to no one who will first ill-treat me, and then fondle me; if any one wanted to beat me or kiss me now, I should know how to defend myself, but my mother could not defend herself from either blows or kisses because she loved him; and I will not be made ill or wretched by any one because I love him."

"Thou art a child, and talkest like one that knows nothing of what goes on in the world; are all men like thy poor father, that they give way to every temper and passion, and ill-treat their wives? Hast thou not seen plenty of good people in the neighborhood, and wives who live in peace and unity with their husbands?"

"Nobody knew how my father treated my mother, for she would a thousand times rather have died than have complained of it to any one, and all because she loved him; if love seals one's lips when one ought to cry for help, and makes one defenceless against wrong such as one would not endure from one's worst enemies, then I will never give my heart to a man."

"I tell thee thou art a child, and knowest not what thou sayest; when the time is come, the question whether thou lovest or not will often arise in thy heart, and then all these resolutions will be forgotten."

Again a pause, after which the padre began again:

"And that artist, didst thou make up thy mind that he would use thee ill?"

"He used to look as I have seen my father look when he asked pardon of my mother, and wanted to take her in his arms to make peace with her again; I know those eyes, it made me shudder to see them again."

After this she kept a persevering silence. The padre was silent also; perhaps he was thinking of many beautiful maxims which he might have held up before the girl, but the young boatman had grown uneasy towards the end of the confession, and this checked him. After rowing for two hours, they arrived in the little harbor of Capri. Antonino carried the padre out of the boat over the little rippling waves, and carefully set him down. Laurella, however, would not wait till he waded back for her; she gathered her little skirt together, and with her wooden slippers in her right hand, and the bundle in her left, she nimbly splashed through the water.

"I dare say I shall be at Capri a long time to-day," said the padre, "and thou needest not wait for me; perhaps I shall not return till to-morrow; and, Laurella, when thou reachest home, remember me to thy mother; I shall come and see you this week. Thou wilt go home before night?"

"If I have an opportunity," said the girl, and pretended to be busy with her dress.

"I must go back, too," said Antonino, trying to speak in an indifferent tone; "I shall wait for you till the Ave Maria; if you don't come then, I will go my own way."

"Thou must go, Laurella," broke in the

little padre; "thou canst not leave thy mother alone at night; art thou going far?"

"To Anacapri—to a vineyard."

"And I must go towards Capri; God protect thee, child, and thou too, my son."

Laurella kissed her hand, and a farewell escaped her, which the padre and Antonino might both appropriate. Antonino, however, did not claim any of it; he pulled off his cap to the padre, without even looking at Laurella. When both, however, had turned their backs upon him, he let his eyes wander after the holy father for an instant as he wearily plodded through the deep shingle, and then fixed them upon the girl, who had turned to the right to go up the hill, holding her hand over her eyes to shield them from the burning sun. Before the path disappeared, she paused a moment as if for breath, and looked back. The shore lay at her feet, with the sea lovely in its intense blue; above her towered the lofty cliffs—it was indeed a view worth looking at. It so happened that in glancing towards Tonino's boat she met his eyes; each made a gesture of impatience, and the girl continued her way with a sullen expression on her face.

It was not long past noon, and already Antonino had been sitting for two hours on a bench before the osteria. He must have had something on his mind, for he was constantly getting up and walking into the sun, and looking hard at the paths which led right and left to the two little island towns.

He then said to the hostess that he was afraid of the weather: it might remain fine, but he well knew that color of the sea and of the water; it had looked just like that before the great storm when he had had so much trouble to get the English family safe to shore.

"How have you fared at Sorrento," said the hostess; "better than we did here in Capri?"

"I could not have afforded macaroni if I had had only the boat to depend upon; now and then taking a letter to Naples, or taking out a signor to fish, that was all; but you know that my uncle has great orange-gardens, and is a rich man; 'Tonino,' said he, 'so long as I live you shall not want, and when I die, you'll find yourself provided for; so with God's help, I have got through the winter.'"

"Has he children, your uncle?"

"No, he was never married, and was a long while away from home; during that time he made a great deal of money, and now he's going to set up a great fishery, and will put me at the head of it."

"Then you are a made man, Antonino?"

The young sailor shrugged his shoulders.

"Every one must bear his own burden," said he, and then he jumped up and looked again right and left after the weather, though he must have known that there is but one weather side.

"Let me bring you another bottle, your uncle can pay for it," said the hostess.

"Only one more glass," said he, "for you have a fiery kind of wine here—my head is quite hot already."

"It does not go into the blood," said the woman; "you can drink as much as you like; there, my husband is just coming, you must stay and talk with him a little."

And the stately padrone of the tavern ap-

peared, coming down from the mountain, his net upon his shoulder, and his red cap on his bushy head. He had been taking some fish to the town, which the grand lady had ordered for the good priest from Sorrento. When he caught sight of the young man, he waved him a cordial welcome, sat down on the bench beside him, and began to talk. His wife has just brought a second bottle of pure unadulterated Capri wine, when footsteps were heard crunching on the hard sand to the left, and Laurella made her appearance on the road from Anacapri. She gave a slight nod, and then stood still. Antonino jumped up.

"I must go," said he; "it is a girl from Sorrento, who came across early to-day with the priest, and wants to get back to her sick mother before night."

"Well, well, there is plenty of time before night," said the fisherman; "she will have time to drink a glass of wine. Here, wife, bring another glass."

"Thank you, I won't drink," said Laurella, without moving.

"Pour out, wife," said the man; "pour out, she must drink."

"Leave her alone," said the lad; "she has a strong will; what she does not wish, not even a saint could persuade her to do;" and with that he took a hurried leave, ran down to the boat, undid the rope, and stood waiting for the girl.

She nodded once more to the hostess of the tavern, and then sauntered slowly towards the boat. She first looked round, as if she expected other passengers to appear. On the shore, however, there was not a human being; the fishermen were either asleep or out at sea with their lines and nets; at the doors sat a few women and children asleep or spinning, and the strangers who had come over in the morning were waiting for the cool of the day to return. Laurella could not look back very long, for before she knew what he was doing, Antonino had taken her in his arms, and carried her like a child to the boat. Then he sprang in after her, and with a few strokes of the oar they were on the open sea. She had seated herself at the fore-part of the boat, with her back half turned towards him, so that he could only see her profile; her features were graver than usual; there was an obstinate expression round the delicate nostril; over the low brow the hair fell thickly, and the full lips were tightly closed. After they had gone on a little while in silence, the sun began to scorch her, so she took the cloth in which the bread was wrapped and threw it over her head. Then she began to make her dinner of the bread, for she had tasted nothing at Capri. Antonino could not see her do that for long. He took out one of the orange baskets, and handing two oranges to her, said: "There is something to eat with your bread, Laurella; don't think that I kept them for you; they rolled out of the basket into the boat, and I found them when I put the empty baskets back again."

"You eat them," said Laurella; "the bread is enough for me."

"They are refreshing in the heat," said he, "and you have been a long way."

"They gave me a glass of water up on the mountain," said she; "that has refreshed me already."

"As you like," said he, and let them drop back into the basket.

Renewed silence. The sea was smooth as a mirror, and hardly rippled round the boat; the white sea-birds who built in the caves on the shore pursued their prey without their usual cry.

"You might take the two oranges to your mother," began Antonino again.

"We have some at home," said she, "and when they are finished, I shall buy fresh ones."

"Oh, take them to her from me."

"She does not know you," said she.

"You might tell her who I am," persisted he.

"I don't know you either," said she.

It was not the first time that she had so ignored him; a year before, when the painter had just come to Sorrento, it happened on a Saturday that Antonino was playing "Boccia," with other young fellows of the place in the square near the principal street. There the artist first met Laurella, who passed along without seeing him, with a pitcher of water on her head. The Neapolitan, struck with her appearance, stood and gazed after her though he was standing in the very middle of the space chosen for the game, and might have cleared it in three steps. A ball which hit him roughly on the ankle soon reminded him that this was not the place for such meditations. He looked round as if he expected an apology; the young boatman who had thrown the ball stood silent and defiant in the midst of his friends, so that the stranger found it advisable to avoid an altercation, and walk away. Yet the incident had been talked about more than once when the painter openly courted Laurella.

"I don't know him," said she, hesitatingly, when the painter asked her whether she refused him for that rude lad.

They sat in the boat, like the bitterest enemies, and yet the hearts of both were beating wildly. The good-tempered face of Antonino was violently flushed; he struck into the water so that the spray splashed over him, and his lips trembled as if with angry words. She pretended not to notice him, but putting on her most careless look, leant over the edge of the boat, and let the water run rippling through her fingers. Only her eyebrows still quivered, and it was in vain that she held her wet hands against her burning cheeks to cool them. Now they were in the middle of the sea; far and near not a sail was to be seen; the island had disappeared, and the coast lay far away bathed in sunshine; not even a seagull broke the solitude.

Antonino looked round; a thought seemed to rise within him. The flush suddenly died from his cheek, and he let the oars fall.

Involuntarily, Laurella turned to look at him, startled, but fearless.

"I must put an end to this," broke forth the other; "it has lasted too long already, and I only wonder that it has not made an end of me. You don't know me, you say? Have you not observed long enough how I have passed you as if senseless, because all the while my heart was bursting to speak to you? and you—you made a wicked face, and turned your back upon me!"

"What had I to say to you?" said she, shortly; "I saw quite well what you were after; I was not just going to give myself up

to the first person who cared for me; for as a husband, I don't like you; neither you nor anybody else."

"Nor anybody," screamed he; "you won't always say that, because you have sent off the painter. Bah! you were only a child then; some day you will feel rather dull, and then, proud as you are, you will take the first you can get; no one knows his future."

"Possibly I may some day change my mind; what does it matter to you?"

"What matters it to me?" he broke forth, and sprang from the bench so that the boat all but upset—"what matters it to me? and you can ask such a question when you see the state I am in. I only know that I'd rather die than allow myself to be so treated!"

"Have I ever engaged myself to you?" said she; "can I help it if your head is turned? What power have you over me?"

"Ah! true enough," said he; "it's certainly not written down, nor has the lawyer put it into Latin, and sealed it; but this I know, that I have as much right to you as to go to heaven if I am an honest fellow. Do you fancy that I will stand by to see you go to church with another man, while all the girls go by and shrug their shoulders? Am I to be insulted like that?"

"Do as you like," said she; "I shan't be afraid, however much you threaten; besides, I shall do what I like!"

"You will not say so long," said he, and trembled from head to foot; "I am man enough not to let my whole life be blighted by such a piece of insolence. Do you know that you are here in my power, and must do what I like?"

It was now her turn to tremble, but she turned her flashing eyes upon him.

"Kill me, if you dare," said she, slowly.

"One must not do anything by halves," and his voice grew softer; "there is room for us both in the sea; I can't help you, child," and he spoke in a dreaming, almost tender tone; "but we must go down, both of us, and at the same time, and now!" he screamed, and suddenly seized her with both arms. But in an instant he drew back, his right hand covered with blood, for she had bitten deep into it.

"Must I do what you like?" screamed she, and pushed him from her; "let us see if I am in your power;" and with that she sprang over the edge of the boat into the water, and for an instant disappeared: she rose again, however, directly. Her little skirt was clinging tightly to her, her hair was undone by the waves, and streamed about her neck: she made no sound, but swam with all her might towards the shore.

He stood in the boat leaning forwards, his eyes fixed upon her, as if a miracle was being worked before his eyes. At last he roused himself, seized the oars, and with all the strength he could muster, pulled after her, the blood all the time dropping from his hand into the bottom of the boat. In an instant he was by her side, quickly as she swam.

"By the Holy Virgin," he screamed, "come into the boat; I was mad, God knows; what was the matter with me? It was like a flash of lightning, so that I did not know what I said or did. You are to forgive me, Laurella, only spare your life, and come back into the boat!"

She swam as if she heard nothing.

"You cannot swim to land," said he, "it is still two miles; think of your mother; if anything were to happen to you, she would die of grief."

She measured the distance from the coast with her eye, then without a word she swam to the boat, and grasped the side.

He stood up to help her, and as he did so his jacket, which was lying on the bench, slipped into the sea as the boat leaned over to one side by the weight of the girl.

Dexterously she lifted herself into the boat, and took her former seat.

When he saw her safe, he took to his oars again.

She meanwhile wrung out her little skirt and squeezed the water from her hair; as she did this she saw the blood in the bottom of the boat. She cast a quick glance at his hand, with which he plied the oar as if there was nothing the matter with it.

"There!" said she, and handed him her handkerchief.

He shook his head, and rowed on.

At last she went up to him, and bound the handkerchief tightly round the deep wound. Then she took the oar from him, much as he tried to hinder her, and seated herself opposite him, not looking at him, but steadily at the oar, which was stained with his blood, and with which she rowed on swiftly and steadily.

They were both pale and silent; as they drew nearer to land, they met several fishermen, who were going to lay their nets for the night.

They called out to Antonino, and teased Laurella, but neither looked up nor answered a word. The sun was still pretty high over Procida when they reached the port.

Laurella shook her skirt, which had dried again, and sprang on shore.

The old spinning-woman who had seen them start in the morning, again stood on the roof.

"What's the matter with your hand, Tonino?" she called down; "Blessed Jesus! the boat is covered with blood."

"It's nothing, commare," answered the other. "I tore myself on a nail; to-morrow it will be all right; the confounded blood is always so ready to run, that it looks more dangerous than it is."

"I will come and put on herbs for you," said the old woman; "stop, I am coming now."

"Don't trouble yourself, commare; it's done, and to-morrow it will be all right and forgotten; my skin is sound, and heals quickly enough."

"Addio," said Laurella, and turned towards the path which led up the mountain.

"Good night," called the lad after her, without looking at her.

Then he carried the things out of the boat, and climbed up the little stone stairs to his house.

There was nobody in the two rooms in which Antonino now paced backwards and forwards. Through the wooden shutters of the little windows came a fresh breeze which he had not felt on the sea, and the coolness and the solitude did him good. He stood for a long time before the picture of the Madonna, and looked devotedly at the little silver paper glory which was stuck over it; but to pray did not occur to him. For what should he ask,

when he had no longer anything to hope for? The day seemed to him to stand still; he longed for the night, for he was weary and exhausted with loss of blood. His hand began to pain him violently; he seated himself on a stool, and undid the bandage. The blood now burst forth again, and he found that his hand was much swelled round the wound. He washed it carefully, and cooled it for a long time. When he looked at it again, he distinctly saw the mark of Laurella's teeth. "She was right," said he, "I was a brute, and deserved nothing better. I will send her back her handkerchief to-morrow by Giuseppe, for she shall not see me again." then he carefully washed the handkerchief, and spread it out to dry, after he had again bound up his hand as well as he could. Then he threw himself on the bed and closed his eyes. The moon shining into the room, and also the pain in his hand, awoke him out of a half-slumber. He was just getting up to bathe it again, when he heard a rustling at the door.

"Who's there?" he cried. He opened the door, and Laurella stood before him.

Without a word she entered. She threw off the handkerchief from her head, and placed a little basket on the table. Then she drew a long breath.

"You came to fetch your handkerchief," said he; "you might have spared yourself the trouble, for I meant to ask Giuseppe to take it to you in the morning."

"It's not the handkerchief," she answered quickly; "I have been on the mountain to get herbs for you, to stop the bleeding; there," said she, taking the lid off the basket.

"You give yourself too much trouble," said he; "it's already much better, and if it were worse, it would only be what I deserve. But you should not be here at this time; if some one were to meet you, you know how they gossip, though they don't know what they talk about."

"I don't care about anybody," said she, passionately; "I must see your hand, and put the herbs on it; you can't manage it yourself."

"I tell you it is unnecessary," said he.

"At least let me see for myself;" and without another word she seized the hand, and untied it. "Jesu Maria!" cried she, with a shudder, when she saw the great swelling.

"It has swelled a little," said he, "but the swelling will soon go down."

She shook her head.

"In that state you won't be able to go in the boat for a week."

"The day after to-morrow, I think," said he quietly; "besides, what does it matter?"

Meanwhile she had fetched a basin, and again washed the wound, he standing and bearing it like a child. Then she put her herbs on it, which at once relieved the burning, and bound up the hand with strips of linen from her basket.

When it was done, he said, "Thank you; and listen, if you would do me another favor, forgive me for the madness which got the better of me, and forget all that I ever said or did. I don't know how it was, you never gave me any occasion for it, that I am sure of, and you shall never again hear anything from me to wound you."

"It is I who must ask you pardon," she broke in; "I ought to have put everything

diffusely, and more pleasantly to you, instead of insulting you by my stubbornness; and then besides—the wound!”

“It was self-defence,” he exclaimed; “it was high time that I should be brought to my senses; besides, as I said before, you did me good, and for that I thank you. And now go away to bed, and there—there is your handkerchief, which you can take with you.”

He handed it to her, but she remained standing, as if struggling with herself; at last she said, “I made you lose your jacket too, and all the money for the oranges. It all came upon me afterwards; I cannot give you another, because I have no money, and if I had it would belong to my mother. But here is the silver cross which the painter gave me the last time he came. Since then I have not looked at it, and I don’t like keeping it any longer in the box; it is worth a few piasters my mother said, and if you sold it, your loss would be partly recompensed, and the rest I will try to earn by spinning at night.”

“I won’t take anything,” said he, brusquely, pushing away the bright little cross which she had taken out of her pocket.

“You must take it,” said she; “it may be an immense time before you can earn anything with that hand. There it lies, and I will never set eyes on it again.”

“Then throw it into the sea,” said he.

“It is not a present that I make to you, it is no more than your right.”

“Right? I have no right to anything of yours,” said he. “If you should ever meet me again, do me the favor not to look at me, so as not to remind me of what I owe you. And now good night, let this be all;” he put the cloth and the cross into the basket, and shut down the lid.

When he looked up and saw her face, he was terrified; great tears were streaming down her cheeks, without her making an effort to stop them.

“Maria Santissima!” cried he, “are you ill? why, you are trembling all over.”

“It’s nothing,” said she, “I am going home;” and she staggered to the door.

Here she could no longer control her tears, and leaning her head against the side of the door, she burst into loud and passionate sobs, but before he could reach her to detain her she had suddenly turned and thrown herself on his neck.

“I cannot bear it,” she screamed, clinging to him; “I cannot listen when you say kind words to me, and let me go away from you, with all the blame on my conscience. Beat me, kick me, curse me—or if you still love me after all, there, take me and keep me, and do what you like with me—only do not send me away from you.”

He held her for a moment sobbing in his arms.

“Do I still love you!” he cried, at last. “Holy Mother of God! do you believe that all the blood in my heart has been drawn out by that little wound? Do you not feel it beating as if it must burst my breast to get to you? If you only say so to tempt me, or because you pity me, go, and I will forget it all; you are not to think that you owe it to me, because you know I am suffering through you.”

“No,” said she firmly, looking up from his shoulder, and fixing her streaming eyes pas-

sionately on his face. “I love you, and I will love you till I die. I have long loved and struggled against it; and now I will let you see that I cannot help it. I will look at you when I meet you. Now I will kiss you,” said she, “so that if you were ever again to feel doubtful, you might say to yourself, she has kissed me, and Laurella would not kiss any one but the man she has chosen for her husband.” She kissed him three times, and then she tore herself away, and said, “Good night, dearest! go to rest, and cure your hand, and don’t come with me, for I am not afraid, not of anybody but of you.”

With that she glided through the door, and disappeared in the dark shadow of the wall. Long after he remained at the window gazing out on to the dark sea, above which the stars seemed to float!

The next time the little padre curato emerged from the confessional, where Laurella had been kneeling a long while, he laughed gently to himself. “Who would have thought,” said he to himself, “that God would so soon take pity on that wayward girl? and I blamed myself that I had not attacked that demon of obstinacy more strongly! But our eyes are shortsighted for the ways of heaven. Well, the Lord be praised, and grant that I may live to be rowed over the sea by Laurella’s boy! Heigh-ho, la Rabbiate!”

I. VON. G.

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I THINK MISS JULIET in the play
A forward little minx,
(And Mrs. GRUNDY likes to say
What Mrs. GRUNDY thinks).
Her conduct with R. MONTAGUE
Seems perfectly absurd,
Such bold and brassy language, too,
I think I never heard.

I think OTHELLO led a tame
And wretched kind of life,
With DESDEMONA WHAT’S-HER-NAME—
His namby-pamby wife.
To run away—at such an age—
And with a negro, too!
Such conduct even on the stage,
I think I never knew.

I think that, as to BEATRICE,
Her husband was a flat
For looking for a life of peace
With such a wife as THAT.
Her conduct wasn’t over strict,
For all her length of jaw;
And such a muff as BENEDIOT
I think I never saw.

I think, when PORTIA’S lovers came
And played at pitch and toss,
The gentleman who won that dame
Contrived to gain a loss.
I think EMILIA was a shrew,
And ROSALIND ill-bred;
(But “As you Like It,” ENTER HOUB,
I think I never read).

I think MACBETH was led astray
By wicked LADY M;
And those three witches. By the way,
I don’t think much of THEM.
I think OTHELLO—that’s a fact—
The best of all the set;
But anybody quite so crack’d
I think I never met.

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With its magnificent and gorgeous mise en scene, and its incomparably great cast.

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CARD.—Mr. MANNING respectfully announces in compliance with numerous requests from Lady Patrons, who were unable to gain admittance to last Saturday's Matinee that Meyerbeer's

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It is highly important to procure tickets early, so that there may be no delay at the door.

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Three additional doors will be opened.

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The distinguished artist Monsieur JEHIN PRUME, Violin Soloist to the King of the Belgians, late from Europe, will appear on this occasion and perform Mendelssohn's Concert and Fantasia Brilliante by JEHIN PRUME.

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Tickets for Sale at the usual places.

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